

NATIONAL COMICS

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THE BARKER
finds THE MISSING LINK
in a chain of strange events!

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THE

AH—I SEE IT APPROACHING IN THE NEAR FUTURE—A TERRIBLE AND TREMENDOUS MONSTER—NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST—SOMETHING THAT WOULD TERRIFY EVEN THE SCIENTISTS WHO WOULD CLASSIFY IT!

ASK IT WHAT IT'LL TAKE TO APPEAR IN OUR SHOW!

BARKER

by Klaus Nordin

Thrills! Chills! And TERROR! -----

Carnie Calahan sees them as DRAWING CARDS for
COLONEL LANE'S MAMMOTH CIRCUS!



YES--THE CLOUD CLEARS--CARNIE CALAHAN WILL MEET GRAVE DANGER NIX! FROM A FELLOW PERFORMER!

EVERY PERFORMER WITH THE SHOW IS MY PAL!

BUT THIS WILL BE A NEW ADDITION-- SOMEONE COMING TODAY!

MEANING NO OFFENSE FUTURA --- IMPOSSIBLE!

WHAT ATTRACTION COULD I PICK UP OUT HERE IN MID-TOUR? NOT A CHANCE!

COLONEL LANE!



MY SHIP LANDED ON THE ISLAND WHERE THESE THINGS LIVED IN TREE-NESTS! WE FOUGHT 'EM -- KILLED ALL BUT THIS ONE --

UGLY BRUTE, ISN'T HE?

WHO -- YOU -- CALLING -- UGLY???

I HEARD IT SPEAK!



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DON'T YOU GET IT?
THAT SAILOR WAS
A VENTRILOQUIST--
THREW HIS VOICE
TO MAKE YOU
THINK THE
THING COULD
TALK!

NONSENSE!
WE'LL BILL HIM
AS THE MISSING
LINK! Dope Out
A LINE OF BALLY-
HOO AND WORK
HIM INTO THE
MUSEUM
STRING!

I DON'T LIKE
THAT NASTY
STARE! HE
SEEMS TO BE
PUTTING THE
WHAMMY
ON US!

TAKE IT EASY,
MAJOR, I'LL
SHOW HIM HE'D
BETTER LAY
OFF!

SEE WHAT I CAN DO
LINK? EVEN YOUR HALF
HUMAN BRAIN CAN
GET THE POINT! I'M
THE STRONGEST
MAN ---

HE WANTS
THE BAR-
BELL,
TINY!



HEY! THAT'S MY
SHOW WEIGHT,
YOU'RE MANGLING!

HE MUST BE ON A STRICT
IRON DIET! WOW--BET HE
COULD SNAP HIS LEASH LIKE
THAT!



HEY--WHAT'S
UP?

BETTER RUN, SHALI--
THAT APE MAN'S
COMING!



GRAAAAD!

HSSSS!
HSSSS!

GLORY BE,
HE'S SCARED
OF SNAKES!



QUICK, WHILE HE'S UNSTRUNG!
INTO THE STRONGEST CAGE
WITH HIM!

SSSSSS
SSS!
RRRR
RRR!

WHAT
NOW,
COLONEL?

WITH HIM
LOCKED UP
I'LL HAVE
TIME TO
THINK!



I WARNED YOU,
CARNIE! NOW
THE CRYSTAL
SHOWS ME THAT—

DON'T, FUTURA! YOUR
ACT'S TOO RICH FOR MY
BLOOD! I'M GOING TO GO
STUDY THAT MISSING
LINK!

HEY FELLA---IF YOU
CAN UNDERSTAND WHAT
I SAY---I WANT TO
BE FRIENDS!



THIS ISN'T A BAD LIFE--GIVING SHOWS—
AND WE'VE GOT SOME SWELL CHARAC-
TERS TO PAL YOU WITH! GET IT?
OH—YOU WANT TO SHAKE HANDS?



TRICKS, EH?
WELL, I'VE
GOT A FEW,
TOO!

HUFF!

OKAY, NOBODY HURT! BUT
HE ALMOST PICKED OFF MY
ARM TO BAT ME AROUND
WITH!

I HATE THAT AWFUL
THING! LET'S MAKE THE
COLONEL GET RID OF IT!

YES, COLONEL,
SEND HIM AWAY!
THAT MISSING
LINK WILL NEVER
BE MISSED--

I CAN'T, LENA! I
JUST CALLED THE NEWS-
PAPER AND ADVERTISED
HIM FOR TOMORROW'S
SHOW! IF ONLY I
HADN'T SAID HE
COULD TALK!

WE'VE GOT TO
MAKE HIM TALK--
OR I'LL BE THE
LAUGHING-STOCK
OF THE COUNTRY!

I'M AFRAID
THAT'S A BIG
ORDER! BUT WE'LL
THINK OF SOME-
THING BEFORE
SHOW TIME
TOMORROW..



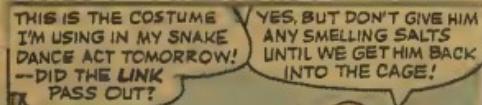
Later.... Unguarded for the moment is the new attraction.....











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Next day... and almost show time!

WHY DID I EVER BUY THAT BLASTED LINK? I'M RUINED, CARNIE! RUINED!

WE'VE NEVER LET YOU DOWN YET, COLONEL LANE! COME ALONG!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT ---?

A VENTRILOQUIST FOOLED YOU! -- SO WE'LL FOOL THE PUBLIC!



YES, FOLKS, EXACTLY AS PROMISED -- THE MISSING LINK, NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST, YET HE IS BOTH... THE PHYSIQUE OF AN ANIMAL, THE MIND OF A MAN.

HE WALKS! HE TALKS!

HELLO - FRIENDS! I'M-- GLAD-- THESE -- BARS -- KEEP -- YOU -- OUT!



WHAT GOES HERE? ... I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT'S BACK OF THIS!



MAYBE -- I -- SHOULD -- PAY -- TO SEE YOU!

LISTEN TO THE MAJOR'S SPIEL! HE SOUNDS MORE LIKE THE MISSING LINK THAN THE REAL ARTICLE!

WELL, COLONEL, HOW WAS IT?

WHEW! -- YOU SAVED MY LIFE, GANG BUT WE'RE DROPPING THIS PHONY MICROPHONE ACT RIGHT NOW! TOMORROW THE LINK GOES INTO THE MENAGERIE!

WE DON'T NEED THE ADDED ATTRACTION, ANYWAY! WE HAVE TINY, THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD... MIDGE, THE SMALLEST...



WELL, I'M THE HANDIEST!

SALTY WATERS



QUICKSILVER

You may not
be able to SEE
your peril---
**SMASH IT
ANYWAY!**

Quicksilver, once a trapeze
artist, swings over
a sickening abyss
of menacing
terror!

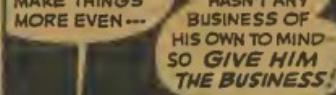


A stranger in town...

THREE AGAINST
ONE! WITH GUNS—
COWARDS!



PERHAPS I WILL
MAKE THINGS
MORE EVEN---



THAT CITIZEN
HASN'T ANY
BUSINESS OF
HIS OWN TO MIND
SO GIVE HIM
THE BUSINESS!



Not far away, a figure
senses action

NEXT STREET—
A SCUFFLE!
MAYBE—





Leaving, Quicksilver and
Eagle say goodbye....

SO LONG, EAGLE,
I'M GOING THIS
WAY!

AND I THIS?
YOU ARE WHAT
MY PEOPLE
CALL A BRAVE
WARRIOR!

WALKED
INTO THE
TRAP!



GOT HIM FROM
BEHIND, EH? WELL,
TRY TO FIGHT
ME FACE
TO FACE!

THE
OTHER
MEDDLER!

I'LL KNOCK
OUT YOUR
BRAINS ...
UFF!

AND I'LL
KNOCK OUT
YOUR
LIVER!



YOU'RE HARD AS
AN IRON MAN...
BUT I'LL PUT
DENTS IN
YOU!

CLANK!
CLANK!

EAGLE! ARE
YOU ALL
RIGHT?

OHHHH!



HE CLUBBED--
YOU HARD--BUT
WE'RE NOT FAR
FROM HELP!

And so Quicksilver hurries
back to Ridger's home....

HE'S HURT?
BADLY? WHAT
HAPPENED?

A SNEAK
ATTACK! NOW'S
YOUR TURN
TO HELP
HIM!

HE'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS,
BUT HE'LL RECOVER IF
HE GETS REST! I
WONDER WHO
DID IT!

THAT'S EASY! THE
THUGS WHO ATTACKED
ME RESENTED HIS
INTERFERENCE! THEY
FOLLOWED YOU HERE
WHEN YOU BROUGHT
ME HOME!

INTERESTING
THEORY! BUT
WHO WERE
THOSE
THUGS?

DON'T
KNOW! BUT
IT SEEMS
LOGICAL!
YOU'D BETTER
LOCK THE
DOORS!

YOU HAVE SEVERAL
INTERESTING
THINGS HERE,

YES--
THAT
ARMOR

YOU'RE STUDYING
BELONGED TO MY
ANCESTORS! AND
I HAVE JEWELS,
MONEY, SILVER!
RICH LOOT FOR
ROBBERS!

YOU'RE STAYING TO
WATCH YOUR FRIEND...
KEEP AN EYE OUT
FOR ANY RAIDERS!

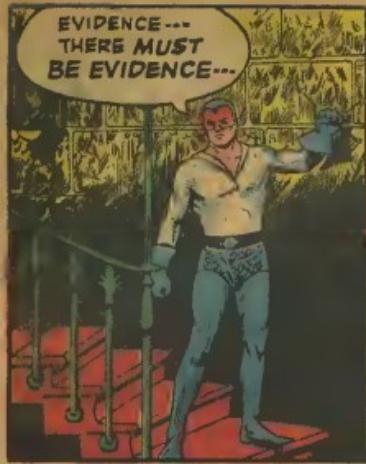
THAT'S A
PLEASURE!

GREAT
POWERS! WHAT
WAS THAT?

CRASH!







HE SAVED YOU --- AND YOU REPAYED HIM BY DISGUIISING YOURSELF AND ATTACKING! I GUessed IT WHEN I SAW THAT HAMMER HAD BEEN THROWN THROUGH THE WINDOW FROM THE INSIDE!

HE HAS MONEY FROM HIS TRIBE-- A FORTUNE! YOU WON'T KEEP ME FROM GETTING IT!



DON'T WORRY, EAGLE! I CAN HANDLE THIS WOULD-BE KILLER!



I'LL GET AWAY...



NO YOU DON'T! AN INDIAN KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE A KNIFE!

SCALP HIM IF HE MOVES EAGLE! I'LL PHONE THE POLICE!



Later...

IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE KNOWING AND HELPING YOU, EAGLE! CALL ON ME ANY TIME!

IN MY TRIBE, A WAR FEATHER IS THE DECORATION OF A BRAVE MAN! ---



KEEP THIS, QUICKSILVER, IN MEMORY OF THIS ADVENTURE!

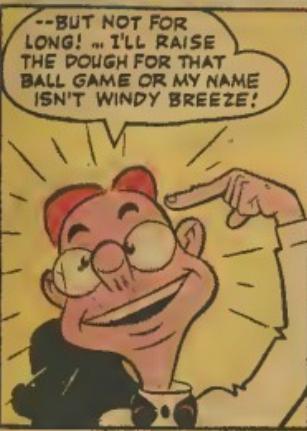
THANKS, EAGLE! AS FOR RIDGE -- PROBABLY YOU COULD KNOCK HIM OVER WITH A FEATHER BY THIS TIME!



WINDY BREEZE



*Champ
Biar*



BASEBALL













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Sally O'Neil

The luckiest day
in policewoman
Sally O'Neil's
life was the day
she tried to tackle
"Soup" Simpson
--and missed!

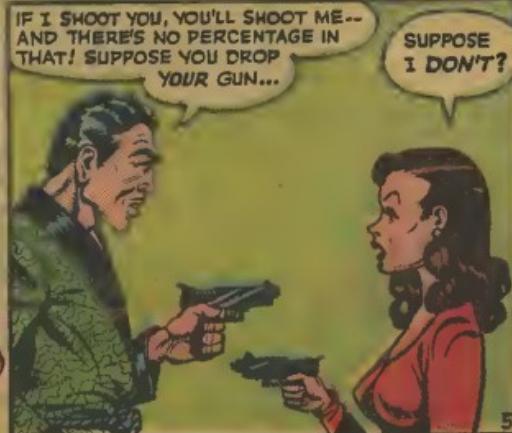


One night, as Sally walks homeward...









HMMMM! IN THAT CASE I'LL HAVE TO ASK MY-- ER-- ASSISTANT, LEFTY, TO STEP FROM HIS HIDING PLACE AND TAKE YOUR GUN AWAY FROM YOU!

NO, YOU DON'T! I'M NOT TURNING AROUND ON AN OLD GAG LIKE THAT!



I REGRET THIS, MY DEAR! BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE INTERFERED WITH MY LITTLE MONEY-RAISING PLAN!

YOU'LL HAVE TO ADMIT, IT WASN'T A VERY SMART PLAN, BORIS!



THE GAG'S AS OLD AS THE HILLS-- INSURING A NECKLACE, HIRING A CROOK TO STEAL A DUMMY PACKAGE AND COLLECTING FULL INSURANCE...

AH, BUT THE OLD GAGS ARE OFTEN BEST, MY DEAR! IF SOUP HADN'T BUNGLED, I'D HAVE COLLECTED \$200,000 INSURANCE ON THESE!



LOOK, BOSS--IF THIS DAME STAYS ALIVE, SHE'LL HAVE EVERY COPPER IN THE COUNTRY ON OUR TRAILS BEFORE MORNING!

OH, YOU'RE DEFINITELY RIGHT, LEFTY!



THAT'S WHY, MUCH AS I REGRET IT, WE'LL HAVE TO CLOSE HER LOVELY MOUTH QUICKLY AND PERMANENTLY!

NOW YOU'RE TALKING, BOSS! I NEVER CAN TELL ABOUT YOU! SHALL I PLUG HER...???



NOTHING SO CRUDE, LEFTY! NOW HERE IS A BOTTLE OF SOUP'S OWN NITRO AND IT GIVES ME A RIPPING IDEA!

WHY, YOU COLD-BLOODED, GRINNING APE!



S-BE CAREFUL, BOSS!
IF THAT STUFF FALLS
SIX INCHES, IT'LL
BLOW US TO
BITS!

EXACTLY,
LEFTY! BUT
IT WON'T
FALL YET!

TO BE EXACT—
IT WON'T FALL UNTIL
THE CANDLE BURNS
DOWN TO THE
THREAD—AND
BY THEN WE'LL
BE FAR, FAR
AWAY!



BY THE TIME THE POLICE
SORT THE WRECKAGE
AND FIGURE THINGS
OUT, WELL BE LAUNCHED
ON A NEW CAREER!

NOT QUITE
EVERYTHING,
LEFTY!
GRRRRRR!

EEEEEHHHH!
MY
THUMB!

HE DIDN'T THINK OF THE
OLD TRICK OF HOLDING
A LOOP OF ROPE
AROUND MY THUMB
TO GIVE ME SLACK
ENOUGH TO ESCAPE
WHEN I WANTED
TO!

BOSS! DO
SOMETHING!!



LIE DOWN AND
SHUT UP, STOOGE!
MY BUSINESS IS
WITH YOUR BOSS!

DON'T COME
NEAR ME! ...I
WARN YOU...!

MAKE ONE MOVE THIS WAY
AND I'LL BURN THE THREAD!
I'M WANTED FOR MURDER
ANYHOW! EITHER WAY,
IT'S MY FINISH!

BOSS! FOR THE
LUVVA PETE ---
DON'T! IF THAT
BOTTLE FALLS...



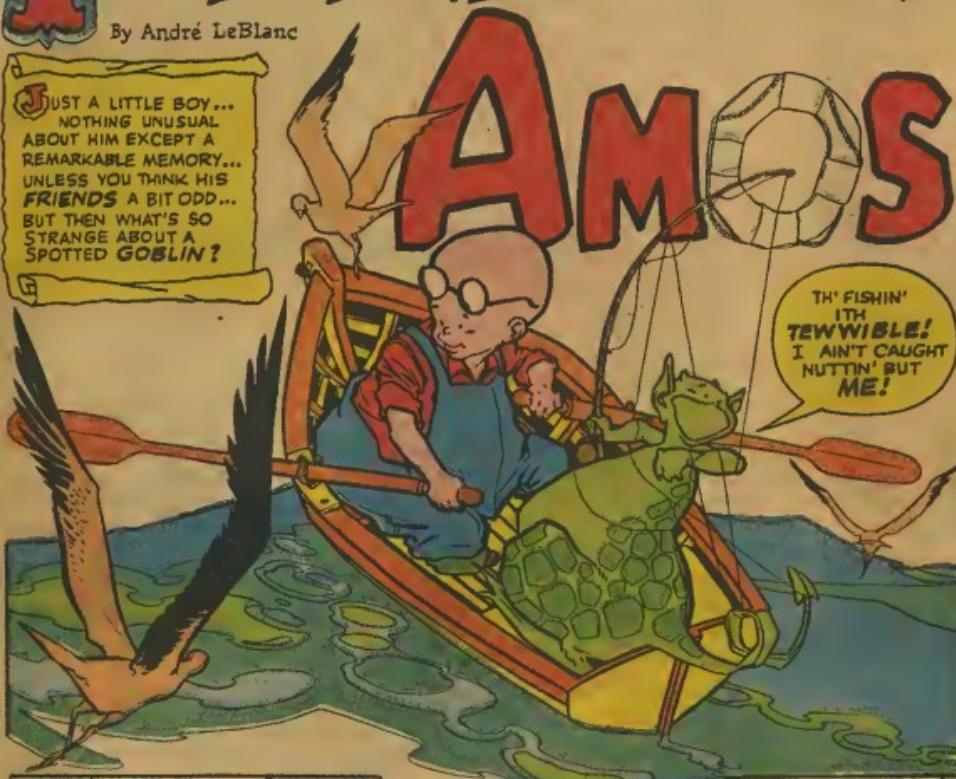


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INTELLECTUAL

By André LeBlanc

JUST A LITTLE BOY...
NOTHING UNUSUAL
ABOUT HIM EXCEPT A
REMARKABLE MEMORY...
UNLESS YOU THINK HIS
FRIENDS A BIT ODD...
BUT THEN WHAT'S SO
STRANGE ABOUT A
SPOTTED GOBLIN?



WE HAVE STUMBLED
ON SOMETHING...! THIS
IS A PLEA FOR
HELP!



WITH HIS REMARKABLE MEMORY,
INTELLECTUAL AMOS SELCTS,
MENTALLY, A COASTAL CHART SHOWING
THE SURROUNDING TIDES AND CURRENTS...

TAKE A LOOK!

--AM BEING
KIDNAPPED.
WE ARE AT
SEA AND I'M--

MAYBE
WE CAN HELP,
BUT THE SEA IS
MIGHTY BIG... HOW
CAN WE FIND THE
PLACE?



WERE
GOING TO
FOLLOW THAT
CURRENT BACK TO
THOSE KIDNAPPERS!
ARE YOU GAME,
WILBUR?

UH
HUH-



WILBUR, WHEN PEOPLE ARE
IN TROUBLE AND ASK FOR HELP,
SOMEBODY'S GOT TO
HELP THEM!

THWELL!
LET'TH LET
THUMBUDDY
ELTH!



THERE! SEE
THAT BOAT? ILL
BET THAT'S WHAT
WE'RE LOOKING
FOR!

THEY'RE
BECALMED!
THERE'S NO
WIND!

HEY, CHIEF!
SOMEBODY'S
COMIN'... AND
... ULP!

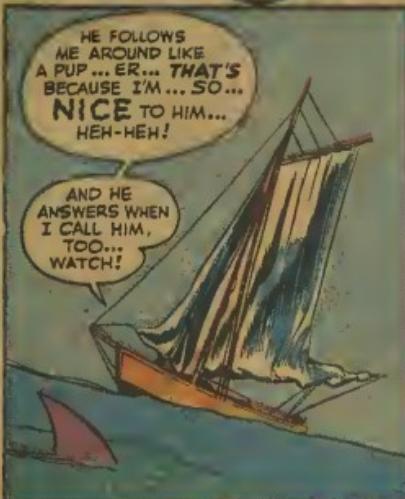
WELL? ... WHERE'S
TH' MANNERS YER PORE
OLE MAMA TAUGHT YOU
ON HOW TO RECEIVE
GUESTS?

GIVE 'EM
THE GUN!





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STRANGE ESCAPE

FOR more days than he could remember, Jules had been pacing his cell. The blackness of the small cubicle was only equalled by the blackness of his bitter thoughts.

"Curse them!" he muttered for the thousandth time. "Curse every last one of them. I'll get even. I'll get even with the dirty rats yet!"

The deep rolling of thunder reverberated through the thick stone walls of the prison. And, as Jules stopped before the tiny barred window, rain swirled inward, wetting his face.

For five long years Jules had been thus confined . . . but a small fraction of the life sentence he was serving for the bestial crime he had committed.

Jules was not sorry for killing Banning. He had hated the man with a deep, burning hatred. Banning was a political bigwig. Through crafty manipulation he had gouged Jules out of a sweet racket in the city. And that was signing his death warrant. Jules had cornered him in his office one night, given him a chance to keep his life by reinstating Jules.

But Banning was hard-headed. He had laughed in Jules' face. That was his last laugh. They had found Politician Banning dead, and Jules was sent up for life.

Jules had felt sure that he was making a fine picture of suicide. No fingerprints on the revolver except Banning's own.

The pistol in the dead man's hand. Not fired too far away; there were powder burns on Banning's face. For some time the police thought Banning had killed himself.

Then a smart detective had made a careful examination of Banning's right hand; there were no powder streaks on it. And he knew that all revolvers leave a faint trace of powder on the hand when fired.

Jules muttered as he strode the few feet of his cell. The next time, he'd be smart.

But tonight, black despair and vengeance reigned supreme in his soul; he wished only to escape, in order that he might seek out his destroyers and in turn destroy them. For Jules lived with one thought—to get out and kill every man and woman who had been on the jury that sent him up.

His steps became more feverishly agitated; perspiration gathered on his forehead and he clenched his hands until the stubby nails bit into the flesh.

The thunder crashed, making the huge prison tremble. Jules thought, "What if the joint is struck by lightning? Mebbe I could get out without being smashed by rocks."

He thought of his first trip, were he free. Judge Bekins. Yeah, he'd get the old judge first thing. Then Crandell, the District Attorney. And then Holmes, the chief of police, who gloated on the conviction, making a statement to the press

that he'd trap every last rat in the city until he had them all.

By the devious "grapevine" channels, Jules had learned that most of the "rats" had been trapped under Holmes' regime.

A brilliant flash of lightning illuminated the far wall of his cell—lighting the cell as it had never before been lighted. Jules' eyes became riveted upon a huge stone, on the lower tier. Were his eyes playing tricks upon him? Or had he in truth seen a tiny crack surrounding the stone, as if the cement were scraped away or altogether removed? Hardly daring to breathe, he tip-toed across the cell and fell on his knees before the stone, feeling its edges.

He gave a low cry. Yes, there was a deep crevice. And, what was more, the stone was loose! Jules tugged at it, tearing the flesh from his finger ends, sweat pouring from his face. Savagely he hurled the lock of matted hair out of his face and doubled his efforts.

Ah! The stone moved. At last he pulled it from its place and peered into the blackness beyond. Another lightning flash showed him what he had hardly hoped to find—a passage in the rock, leading downward from his cell.

Leading—where? Was this freedom at last?

Immediately in front of him (he saw it in a flash of lightning) there lay a yellowed piece of paper. With trembling

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fingers he carried it to the window, through which shone faint rays of a lamp in the courtyard below. Carefully he unfolded the fragile paper. On it was a brief message, apparently written with some dark fluid. Blood! For the first time in his life, Jules was glad that he was able to read, if only a little. Haltingly he made out the few words:

I ESCAPED FROM THIS PASSAGE. MAY HE WHO FINDS THIS SHARE MY GOOD FORTUNE.

It was unsigned.

The tramp of the sentry's feet resounded outside the cell door. Jules threw himself over the stone until the steps died away; then he thrust his head and shoulders into the opening and began slowly worming his way along the narrow passage before him.

The walls of the tunnel were wet and slimy and a fetid odor assailed Jules' nostrils. But this was balm to his fevered senses. His hands and knees banged into jagged rocks, ripping the flesh, tearing his rotting clothes from him. But of all this Jules knew nothing. His eyes were gleaming, but one thought present in his mind—escape. He dug his bloody fingers into the mud and pushed himself onward steadily, flat on his stomach, like an ungainly serpent.

Where would the passage end? How long was it? Did it lead all the way under the prison? It made no difference to Jules. He would crawl and crawl, even if he had to go miles—through the slimy, stygian sewer.

As he advanced the floor became steeper and steeper, slop-

ing at an ever-greater angle. The walls became yet wetter and more slimy and the jagged rocks bit deeper into his writhing limbs. Foot after foot, Jules propelled himself along the narrow path. His breath came in rustling gasps. There was a steady ringing in his head. The air was foul and there was little oxygen.

When—when would the passage end? Jules felt he must have crawled many miles. No telling when it would be day, and then the sentries would find his cell vacant—find the opening. . . . He increased his speed.

Then suddenly Jules stopped, and for one moment an agonizing fear shot through him. He could not turn around. He realized that it would be impossible for him ever to ascend, backwards, that sloping passage to regain his cell if something made that act imperative.

A cold shiver tingled his spine. But what could force him back to that cell? What?

He clenched his teeth and forged ahead with the super-

human strength of despair. Surely the end of the passage would come soon. His breathing was labored now, and black specks danced before his eyes. He would not last much longer without pure air. . . .

A sharp bend in the tunnel revealed a sight which made Jules gasp. A faint, circular opening in the distance permitted the rays of the moon to penetrate the terrible blackness. The end of the passage lay before him. Victory! Escapè!

The cold air fanned his face and he breathed it in great gulps, hurrying now more than ever.

The passage became ever more sloping as he advanced. His body was inclined at a sickening angle. Strange streaks of blackness seemed to cross his line of vision, as he half fell, half slid the few feet remaining yet to be traversed. . . . Jules' head crashed into something hard, and he was partially stunned. A moment later he opened his eyes and saw before him a heavily barred iron grating, and—a skeleton.

A REAL BARGAIN!
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gives you
Twice as much for your dime
56 inside pages!
COUNT 'EM!

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The WHISTLER

by VERNON HENKEL

When police reporter Mallory Drake became the dread WHISTLER, he had no idea that one day his greatest assignment would be to trap himself!



By day, Mallory Drake is a police reporter... and a good one!

I WISH I KNEW WHAT'S COOKING! CAPTAIN NILES OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT HAS BEEN IN WITH THE BOSS FOR ALMOST AN HOUR...



WH...?!! WHY TRAP
THE WHISTLER?
HE'S NO CROOK!
HE SOLVES CRIMES
FOR YOU!

YEAH! AND
THAT'S JUST
IT! ...

A FINE THING WHEN
AMATEURS SOLVE OUR
CRIMES FOR US! WHAT'LL
THE PUBLIC SAY?

AND THINK OF THE
STORY! IT'LL BE
SENSATIONAL--
WHISTLER UNMASKED
BY EVENING GLOBE!
WOW!



HERE'S THE PLAN!...
AMBERS, THE BANKER,
HAS AGREED TO PRETEND
HE'S RECEIVED
EXTORTION NOTES!
WE'LL SPREAD THE
STORY AROUND...

THE
WHISTLER'LL
HEAR ABOUT
IT, TRY TO
STICK HIS NOSE
IN AND GET
NABBED! WE'LL
HAVE COPS
PLANTED ALL
OVER THE
PLACE!

ER--VERY
CLEVER!...
WHEN DOES
THIS HAPPEN
--AND WHAT
DO I DO?

AMBERS'LL
PHONE US WHEN
THE WHISTLER
SHOWS UP; YOU'LL
BE HIDDEN
SOMEWHERE
NEAR TO GET
THE STORY!

Later...
A FINE MESS!
IF THE WHISTLER
DON'T SHOW UP, THEY'LL
EITHER GUESS I'M THE
WHISTLER OR THINK
I TIPPED HIM TO
THE TRAP!



AND IF THE WHISTLER DOES SHOW
UP, HE'LL BE NABBED BY A DOZEN COPS!
YET HE'S SURNED NEVER TO FIGHT
AGAINST THE LAW...

SO-O-O-O, I GUESS THE WHISTLER
WILL HAVE TO WALK INTO THE TRAP--AND
TRUST TO LUCK AND BRAINS TO
WIGGLE HIMSELF OUT AGAIN!



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WELL HERE GOES NOTHING!
I'LL PHONE AMBERS AND LET
HIM KNOW THE WHISTLER
IS COMING TO CALL...



Softly the telephone carries the eerie notes of the WHISTLER's trademark!

♪ ♪ ♪ MR. AMBERS,
THIS IS THE
WHISTLER! I'D LIKE
TO HELP YOU...



WHISTLER-- I'M GLAD YOU CALLED! I'M SUPPOSED TO PAY OFF TONIGHT AT MIDNIGHT - HERE AT MY APARTMENT! PLEASE COME--



THE STAGE IS SET! NOW AS
SOON AS MY BOSS CALLS MALLORY
DRAKE WITH THE TIP-OFF ... AH.
THAT MUST BE SHANE, NOW!



DRAKE - IT WORKED! THE WHISTLER'S DUE AT AMBERS' AT MIDNIGHT! YOU BE THERE EARLY! WELL PLANT THE COPS AHEAD OF TIME!

I'LL BE
AROUND, BOSS--
HIDING SOMEWHERE!



SINCE THEY EXPECT THE WHISTLER AT MIDNIGHT--
I'LL GET THERE AN HOUR EARLY--SO I WON'T DISAPPOINT ANYBODY!



THERE'S AMBERS' STUDY AND NOBODY IN SIGHT: I'M SURE THEY WON'T OBJECT IF I WAIT INSIDE WHERE IT'S WARM!



OH-OH! THAT MUST BE AMBERS COMING! THIS'LL BE A GOOD HIDING PLACE UNTIL TIME FOR THE WHISTLER'S PUBLIC APPEARANCE ...



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PERFECT! THE WHISTLER'S COMING AND THE POLICE WILL GRAB HIM... BUT NOBODY KNOWS JUST HOW PERFECT IT IS FOR ME!



THIS WAS THE SCHEME I NEEDED TO COVER A SHORTAGE AT THE BANK! I'LL COVER MY OWN LOSSES AND LET THE WHISTLER TAKE THE BLAME...



THEY TOLD ME TO MAKE UP \$10,000 IN BILLS AS BAIT! I'LL HIDE THE BILLS, CLAIM THE WHISTLER STOLE THEM, AND MAKE GOOD MY OWN BANK SHORTAGE!



SO IT'S A DOUBLE DOUBLE-CROSS! AND I'M CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE! HMM...



ELEVEN O'CLOCK! THE POLICE WILL BE SURROUNDING THE PLACE NOW! THEY'LL LET THE WHISTLER IN! - BUT WHEN HE TRIES TO LEAVE...



Outside...

GOT THE HOUSE COMPLETELY SURROUNDED, CAPTAIN?



BETTER THAN THAT...

I'VE GOT A RING OF POLICE CLOSE TO THE HOUSE! BEHIND THEM I'VE GOT SEARCHLIGHTS SET UP TO GO ON THE MOMENT WE HEAR ANYTHING...



IT'LL BE LIGHT AS DAY! NOT EVEN A MOUSE COULD LEAVE THE HOUSE WITHOUT BEING SEEN AND GRABBED!



ELEVEN-THIRTY! GUESS IT'S TIME TO GO INTO ACTION!



Like a ventriloquist, the WHISTLER can throw the weird notes of his whistle to a distant corner...

WHA---?? THOSE BLOOD-CURDLING NOTES!... HE'S HERE! THE WHISTLER'S HERE-- BUT I CAN'T SEE HIM!



MAYBE YOU WEREN'T LOOKING THE RIGHT WAY, AMBERS!



TH-THE WHISTLER.

DON'T BE NERVOUS, AMBERS! I'VE COME TO HELP! TELL ME ABOUT THE--ER--EXTORTION THREATS!



OH--UH--THE THREATS. Y-Y-YES, I'LL T-TELL YOU--

JUST--ER--SIT DOWN, WHISTLER--AND I'LL--UH--TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!

THANKS, SO MUCH!



THERE'S THE SIGNAL! THE WHISTLER'S IN THERE WITH AMBERS! I DUNNO HOW HE GOT THERE, BUT...

NEVER MIND THAT! CLOSE IN ON THE HOUSE!... I HOPE MALLORY DRAKE'S AROUND SOMEWHERE!



ALL RIGHT, WHISTLER! YOUR OUTLAW DAYS ARE OVER!... SURRENDER OR WE'LL SHOOT!

WELL, WELL! LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT ME SURROUNDED, CAPTAIN...



GRAB HIM, OFFICER! HE MADE ME GIVE HIM THE \$10,000! HE'S A COMMON THIEF!

TCH-TCH, AMBERS! SUCH LIES SHOULD BE WHISPERED ONLY IN THE DARK--

AWRRRK!
GRAB HIM!
CLOSE IN!
DON'T LET HIM
GET AWAY!

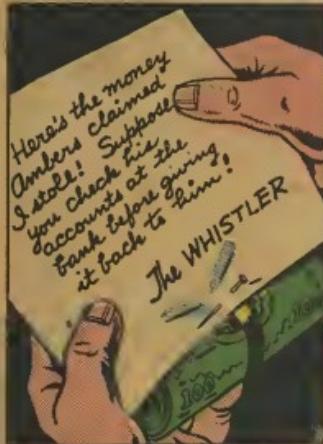
OOOFF!

OUCH!

THERE HE GOES!
GRAB HIM!

WHA ... ?? TRICKED! THE WHISTLER STUCK HIS MASK ON AMBERS AND PUSHED HIM OUT THE WINDOW.

WHAT'S THAT NOTE STICKING FROM HIS POCKET?



DRAKE! WHERE
WERE YOU?
WHERE DO YOU
THINK YOU'RE
GOING?

ME?... I'M
HEADING
FOR THE
OFFICE TO
WRITE UP THIS
STORY...

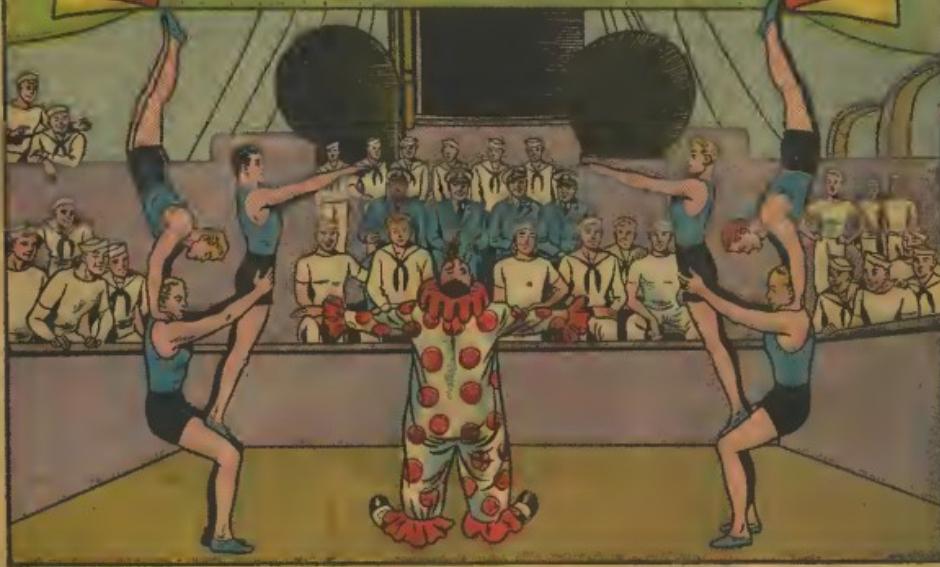
JULP! WAIT,
MALLORY! --
MAYBE YOU'D
BETTER NOT
WRITE UP
THIS STORY,
AFTER ALL!

WELL, IF YOU
SAY SO, BOSS! --
AHEM! -- MAYBE
IT WOULD BE
BETTER TO LET
THE WHISTLER
GO ON CATCHING
CROOKS!



Destroyer 171

It started out to be less than a routine assignment for the U.S.S. PAWNEE, fighting DESTROYER 171! For orders were simply to transport an entertainment troupe to the island of Paasuvu! But before the voyage was over the officers and crew learned a new lesson in Jap battle tactics...and they learned something about entertainers, too!



COMMANDER
BLAKE!

YES,
CONROY?



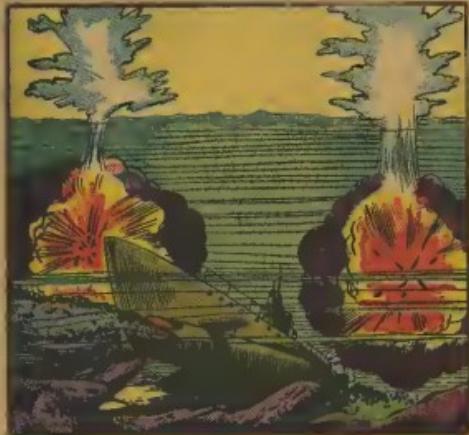
THESE ORDERS
JUST NOW CAME ON
THE WIRELESS!

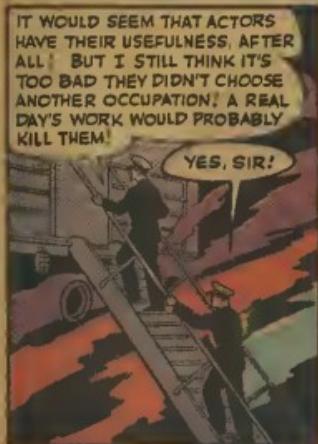
ORDERS? BUT WE'RE
ALREADY ASSIGNED TO
A TASK FORCE!



NATIONAL COMICS







NO WONDER THAT JAP SUB TRIED TO STOP US! THEY KNEW WE'D SIGHT THIS FLOTILLA!

I'LL RADIO THE FLEET BASE!

THEY'VE OPENED FIRE! ... READY ALL GUNS!



FIRE!



A DIRECT HIT! ON THE RADIO ROOM!



YOU'RE BADLY HURT!

THE MESSAGE... DIDN'T GET THROUGH! OUR SHIPS WON'T KNOW THE JAPS ARE COMING!

I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT RADIO! I THINK I CAN FIX THIS!

YOU CAN?



CAN YOU GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES?

YOU'LL GET EVERY MINUTE OF TIME THIS SHIP STAYS AFLOAT! EVEN IF WE HAVE TO FIGHT OFF THE WHOLE JAP FLEET!



Mortally wounded, Destroyer 171 lashes back with all guns at the terrible barrage of enemy fire!



WE NEED
ANOTHER MAN
ON THE FIVE-
INCHER!

ALL THE MEN WHO CAN
WALK ARE FIGHTING
FIRES! DO THE
BEST YOU CAN!



I'LL
TAKE
OVER!

BUT MR. HALLAM
YOU'RE NOT A
COMBATANT!
TAKE COVER!



CALL ME
JACK! ...
ISN'T THAT
A SWEET
GUN?

SMOOTH AS
APPLE CIDER!
BUT THE GYPSIES
JAPS WON'T
LIKE IT!



ZOWIE! A FOURTEEN-
INCHER! THE JAPS ARE
SWINGING A HEAVYWEIGHT
AT US!



THAT NEXT
BROADSIDE
WILL FLATTEN
US!

WE'RE
FINISHED,
SIR!

WHAT'S
THAT
?



IT'S OUR FLEET....
THEY'RE HERE!



THERE GO THE JAPS! HIGH-TAILING FOR THE WIDE OPEN SPACES!

THEY WON'T GET AWAY! WELL OUT-GUN EM! ... EVERY BLASTED JAP WILL FIND THE SEA'S BOTTOM BEFORE SUNDOWN!

YOU GOT THE MESSAGE THROUGH MAULSBY!

I WORKED AS A RADIO ENGINEER BEFORE I BECAME A CROONER SIR! THIS JOB WASN'T SO TOUGH!

HALLAM GOT A CRUISER!

OL' DEAD-EYE JACK -- THAT'S ME!



JACK HALLAM SERVED IN THE LAST WAR! HE WAS A FIRST-CLASS GUNNER'S MATE; HE WAS AWARDED THE SILVER STAR FOR GALLANTRY!

HMM!! I --ER-- WANT TO SEE HOW MY FIRST OFFICER IS COMING ALONG!

WHERE'S THE CHIEF PHARMACIST, CONROY?

WOUNDED, SIR! MISS DARCY REMOVED THAT SHELL SPLINTER! SHE USED TO BE A REGISTERED NURSE!



I WANT TO THANK-- THAT IS -- AHEM -- YOUR FRIENDS AND YOU HAVE BEEN MOST... AH...

COMMANDER, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER SEEN YOU AT A LOSS FOR WORDS!

WE'RE STILL LISTING BADLY, SIR! CAN WE MAKE PAABUVI?

YOU BET WE CAN! WE'VE A TROUPE OF ACTORS ABOARD! AND I WOULDN'T MISS THEIR SHOW FOR ANYTHING IN THE WORLD-- NOT AFTER THE SHOW THEY PUT ON FOR THE NAVY!



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I Will Train You at Home



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